

THE FIELD AT AR

Maryknoll

NOVEMBER 1955



LORETTA
YOUNG
INTERVIEW
(see p. 23)



CONFLICT. The old and new clash in Africa. This Gold Coast official is typical of today's African, who asks to be recognized for what he is.

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TO EACH HIS OWN

Every African has a bit of
Davy Crockett in his blood.

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ OUR Musoma District in Tanganyika is somewhat like the United States of fifty years ago. Musoma is a melting pot of tribes from all over East Africa, just as America was the melting pot where our ancestors became a single people.

The immigrants here don't find empty land. There is a dense and settled population along the shores of Lake Victoria. The newcomers are settling mostly inland; the only ones evicted there are wild animals.

The immigration is from Kenya in the north, and from across the Serengeti Plains in the south. Each Sunday's steamer from Kenya brings a new band of immigrants to Musoma town. Throughout the week, they come down on busses. Within a day or two of arrival most have scattered. Local busses do a good business taking them and their few bundles out into the country, where they will establish homesteads. Many of the immigrants have friends who have gone ahead and who are waiting to help them get a start.

Other settlers come up from the





south, across the big-game plains. They are Sukuma people, and they settle in the chiefdom of Ushashi, which is the part of Musoma District nearest to their former country in the south. The Sukumas are already the largest single group in the chiefdom of Ushashi.

It is the Kenya people who are populating the bush. The Luos are the most numerous settlers from Kenya. The Luos have a twenty-year head start in the migration. Still, they have hit their stride during just the last few years. Many of them have settled in the town, Musoma, but the majority have gone out into the bush. Instead of concentrating in a single country, as the Basukuma are doing, the

Luos have chosen many points of concentration in all districts; there is no place where there are no Luos. From these strong points, Luos continue their expansion, tending to meet their own tribesmen from across the empty plains.

The Nandi are also coming down from their mountainous country above Kisumu. The Nandi are easy to recognize — rather shy in this strange country. The Nandi men seem to have more than their share of old army overcoats; these they never shed, even under the burning noonday sun. And more distinctively, the men wear a curious ear ornament: copper wire passed through the ear lobe, with a white metal pendant hanging from both

ends. The Nandi women are wrapped in soft leather blankets. They wear copper wire coiled around their ankles.

On Sundays there are numbers of Nandi near the town market place, who are waiting to board the busses that go out to Ikoma. And on any weekday one can see a handful of them sitting in the shade beside the road that starts in that direction. They may get a bus, or thumb a ride on a mine truck, or even walk the 100 miles. Their Ikoma district is vast and empty, with nothing beyond it except the bush and the dreaded Masai.

There is a handful of Bakuria scattered here and there. A colony of Kipsigis live in Zanaki chiefdom. Manyala people fish from the shores of Ushashi. The Kipsigis are from the Kenya highlands and the Manyalas are from northern Kenya.

It remains to be seen whether the immigrants will change the local tribes or be themselves absorbed. There is little a missionary can do to influence such movements of people. Our work here is plainly laid out. We must preach the Gospel to all of these people. And therein lie the joy and the heartache of the priests who have the job.

The long-established tribes, varying in population from ten to thirty thousand, demand most of our at-

tention. For many years they have gotten along with a limited number of missionaries. The whole business is vastly complicated by a welter of different languages. In almost any

part of Tanganyika a new mission bears abundant fruit in souls. Evidently we must care for the bigger tribes first.

Up to now, we have cared for as many tribes as we have missions, and gathered a few souls from the immigrants of other tribes. Some are so eager for God as to learn a new language and go to church in a different country. Each new mission is a great blessing.

We haven't been able to do much for the immigrants as yet, except for the Luos. On them I am willing to put a small bet that they will continue to grow in importance and so merit even more attention.

We welcome the immigrants. We hope that they will bring our Musoma District more unity. If that happens we shall be better able to give God's good things to all these people. Until such time as the immigrants are absorbed, or become important in their own right, they are at a great spiritual disadvantage. But while it is beyond our natural powers to care for the immigrants, we look to God — who is Father of them all. We pray that He will steer more young men to Maryknoll to help us do a big job. ■ ■

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

CHAPLAIN BILL



An eruption of a priest's heart
has a telling emotional impact.

BY COLONEL JOHN H. WRIGHT, JR.

■ I HAVE given much thought to how I could best tell about Father Bill Cummings as I knew him while we were both prisoners of the Japanese. It is a story that is very difficult to tell; perhaps I should admit right now that it is impossible to tell. Words do not come easily when one tries to describe or express personal feelings or emotions — particularly, strong feelings or emotions — and it is more difficult for me because of an awareness that anything I say will fall far short of doing justice to Father Bill Cummings.

It was in the prison camp at Cabanatuan, on the island of Luzon, that I first met Father Cummings, in 1943. Although I am an Episcopalian, I was a regular member of the Catholic choir and never missed Mass. (I guess at that time I thought it was good of Father Cummings to let an "outsider" in his choir.) For more than a year at Cabanatuan, I saw a lot of Father Cummings and felt that I knew him well. We spent many hours together, discussing religion, the Church, and our differences of belief. But we never differed in our knowledge of the

strength derived from faith in God. Father Cummings was a great inspiration to me. And the rougher the road became, the stronger Father Cummings got.

On December 13, 1944, we left Manila on the infamous *Oryoku Maru*. I think it would serve no useful purpose for me to relate the horrors of that trip from Manila to Japan. It is sufficient to say that, of 1,619 men who left Bilibid Prison, marched to the docks of Manila, and boarded the *Oryoku Maru*, less than 500 survived the trip to Japan. And many of those survivors died after going ashore.

One incident stands out above all others, when I recall those three and a half years I spent in prison camp. Having sailed from Manila on December 13, the *Oryoku Maru* was sunk in Subic Bay on the 14th. On the 27th, we boarded a second ship at Lingayen Gulf and reached Formosa on January 1, 1945; where the ship dropped anchor. On January 9, at 9:30 A.M., our ship was attacked by a U.S. Navy dive bomber. It took direct hits in three holds and the engine room.

In this tragedy, about 300 men were killed, and almost every man who lived was wounded. And here, words are inadequate to effectively create a picture of the true situation. Dead and dying and seriously wounded covered the decks. Starvation and exposure and sheer exhaustion demoralized the living. We were in a trap, in the harbor of Takao, unable to move, and literally a "sitting duck" for the next inevitable air raid. Could there be hope and faith in that situation?

NOVEMBER, 1955

NO ATHEISTS IN FOXHOLES

WHEN GENERAL (then Colonel) Romulo returned to his headquarters after hearing Mass on Easter Sunday in 1942, he remarked to a fellow officer: "I'd give anything to be back in Manila today. What a great editorial I could write!"

"About what?" asked the officer.

"The sermon I just heard at the field Mass. The chaplain, a Maryknoll priest, Father Cummings, coined a phrase that deserves to ring around the world. He said, 'There are no atheists in foxholes!'"

In the midst of our despair, Father Bill Cummings got on his feet in the center of the hold and shouted for quiet. Soon, his was the only voice to be heard. He raised his eyes and looked at God. While we lay there, quiet, Father Cummings talked to God. That was the only time I have ever heard anyone really talk directly to God; and after his first few words, it was apparent that Father Cummings was talking on a direct channel. His was no generalization; no talking to an Unknown. Rather, he talked to God as though he were actually with Him, there in the hold of the prison ship.

As I recall, he told God that we had been through a pretty rough ordeal; that we were having a hard time hanging onto life; that left to ourselves alone, we were doomed to death in the next air attack. Then he asked God to intercede; to guide

MEET A MARYKNOLLER

MICHAEL H. O'CONNELL



■ TROUBLE dogged Father Michael O'Connell in the Orient. The Pan American Clipper that landed him in Hong Kong never took off again. It was riddled with bullets a few days later, when the fury of World War II was unleashed on Hong Kong. Instead of going to language school, Father O'Connell was sent to a Japanese prison camp. He managed to get out before war's end, and was soon busy caring for refugees and serving as contract chaplain to American troops in China. After V-J day, his career settled down to normal — only to be rudely interrupted by the Red invasion of South China a few years later.

Father O'Connell's present mission assignment reminds him of the Wild West stories he read as a youngster in San Francisco. He is now pastor of Warnes, a sleepy little town in the Santa Cruz section of Bolivia, which is beginning to wake up to the fact that a boom is just around the corner. Warnes' first and only highway connection with the rest of Bolivia is now a reality. A new railroad line from Brazil has reached near Warnes.

those pilots to other targets; to spare us from further punishment. I don't think I am sacrilegious in saying that, as I recall, Father Cummings told God that here was a chance for Him to show us His power. Faith? Father Cummings told us that God would spare us from further air attack.

The next day, conditions were ideal for an air strike. But Father Cummings' message had gotten through. We buried our dead. We helped our wounded as well as we were able. Our ship was not attacked that day.

As we continued the trip from Formosa to Japan, starvation, exposure, dysentery and wounds continued to take lives. Father Cummings completed his work on earth and left us. Only a few survived the ordeal.

How much did Father Cummings have to do with my living through that trip? I heard him send his message. I saw him looking at God. He told me God would work things out according to His desires. Seeing and hearing Father Cummings, gave me a concrete example, something almost tangible, of the strength that comes with faith.

I feel that I owe Father Cummings a great debt. But how does one repay that kind of debt? I hope that I will live the kind of life that Father Cummings would have wanted me to live.

I have failed to tell the whole story, simply because there are not words to tell it. Please try to read between the words and know that Father Cummings was a great credit to Maryknoll. ■ ■



A Letter from Lima

Dear Father:

Last Saturday afternoon, a Chinese lad told me that his cousin, Bertha Cam, was quite sick. I went over immediately; she was at death's door. I heard her confession and gave her the Last Sacraments. She insisted that I take a check. At first I refused, until she showed me that it was made out to Maryknoll and bought over a month before — a few days before she took sick. I've been back two and three times a day since then — and each time it was incredible to me that she was still alive. For all her sickness and pain, she always had a smile for me, and told me how peaceful she felt, how she was not afraid and was just awaiting her time to come. Her comment this afternoon, between hemorrhages, was: "It hurts, Father, but how much more Our Lord suffered for us on the cross!" Bertha's contact with Maryknoll dates back over twenty years. As a young girl, she studied with the Maryknoll Sisters at Kowloon. God love them for having given her such a deep faith and strong love for Christ. Thought you might like to know, Father, the story behind the enclosed check.

FATHER JOHN LAWLER

P.S. Send the acknowledgement for this check heavenwards. Bertha died at 1:35 today.



A team of live wires: Fathers Stephen Maskell (left) and Thomas C. Higgins.

Learning a Trade in the Jungle

Helping a backward region
to take its first steps forward.

BY THOMAS C. HIGGINS, M.M.
and STEPHEN J. MASKELL, M.M.

■ OUR school in the Beni is something like Topsy — it just grew. This part of Bolivia is cut off from

contact with the outside world. Because ignorance was prevalent, Maryknollers began school work early, opening a primary school some ten years ago. This was first restricted to girls, but later all comers were made welcome.

Now that graduating classes have begun to come from our primary school, Bishop Danehy again made an important decision: to open a secondary department for the school. The Sisters train girl graduates in dressmaking and in secretarial studies. The first group of graduates has been most useful in our schools as teachers, catechists, and hospital assistants.

Now, with boys starting to graduate from the grade school, the bishop felt that they, too, need special preparation and protection from the contrary influences of the region. It was the very backwardness of the

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place that induced the bishop to include in the secondary school a trade school, where boys would learn, in addition to academic subjects, the trades of carpentry and mechanics and agriculture.

The best-equipped mentally will study book-keeping, with a view to becoming ac-

countants. Someday this Beni region will be developed; its possibilities are great. We hope and pray that our own people will be able to guide this growth without the importation of too many experts from outside. Those who come from outside do not always have the same interest in the place as those who call it home.

From the beginning, the Beni trade school has been a source of much consolation and encouragement. The region is backward but its children are not mentally inferior. There is a vast difference between the ignorance caused by lack of education and stupidity. The jungle children make fairly rapid progress even in a difficult subject like mathematics. It sounds a bit incredible, but the very lack of learning and the hopelessness without it, have inspired the parents — and the children themselves — with a real desire for education.

We have made it a point to visit frequently the homes of our students (no mean task, now that they number about 150), to keep the parents informed of progress and to help

them maintain their high resolve to secure good education for their children. The parents' cooperation is the factor that makes the school a scholastic and apostolic success.

THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

encourages you to make donations to Maryknoll by allowing the legal per cent deductible for Federal Income Tax purposes. That helps you and the missions.

We had to produce a text-book in mathematics because the Spanish books we can secure are too costly, and those lo-

cally available do not include enough business arithmetic to meet the requirements of the bookkeeping and secretarial courses. We have found also that, with students coming from public schools of several districts, there has been an extreme variety in methods of teaching, and in the quantity and quality of the arithmetic learned.

It was easier to produce a text than to be everlastingly dictating points of importance, for students to copy into notebooks.

Chief among our difficulties is the question of financial support. The poverty of the region makes education necessary and urgent, if the children of today are to have a part in the progress of tomorrow. The same poverty makes it possible for families to pay little tuition.

All in all, considering total costs, we have figured that we need for one student, for one year, the sum of \$15. One of the advantages in living here is that costs are way below U. S. levels, about \$500 a year. However, our receipts fall far short, so in proportion, the expenses are equal.



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

The great Bossuet said on one occasion, "The greatest error of the human mind is to think things are as we want them to be." It is with this danger of error in mind, and not without misgiving, that I write about the signs of what one writer calls "revolution fatigue."

Forty-two years of trying to establish communism, that is contrary to the nature of man, induces a certain amount of solicitude, if not fear, that the Marxian philosophy may be wrong. The endless liquidation of those who are blamed for failures, the ceaseless incriminations, the absolute lack of ideals on the part of many leaders and functionaries of the Party—all of these must have their effect upon even the most devoted Party members.

This was indicated in one official's reply to a captive Catholic prelate who intimated that the official must have some ideals. The Communist exploded with mirth. "Ideals! Let me tell you, the only thing that sustains me is the ability to keep my eye on my comrades, who would slit my throat if I gave them the chance!"

One of the symptoms is the puzzlement caused to unbelievers by the fidelity of Christians in the matter of religious practices. Last year two hundred thousand pilgrims, many of them young people, visited the

famous monastery in Kiev. An anti-God exhibition in the same monastery brought very few visitors. In Hungary, over ninety per cent of the children still make their First Communion, and an equal percentage of Catholic babies is baptized. Even Soviet officials have been chided for showing evidences of faith in the supernatural.

I am reminded of the captain in the Soviet Army who stayed with me at times after the war, while I was in Manchuria. One night when we were alone, the captain drew from his pocket a worn leather purse, opened it with great reverence, took out from it a folded handkerchief, and produced from the handkerchief a small crucifix.

Then he said: "Bishop, I have carried this for seven years, in my pocket. I had it through the Finland campaign, the Austria campaign, the Germany campaign, and now here in Manchuria. My mother is a Christian."

I thought to myself, "How many like you there must be in the army!"

What a pity, if we abandon these brothers in Christ by a cynical disregard of their desire for freedom, in our attempt to gain some relief from tension.



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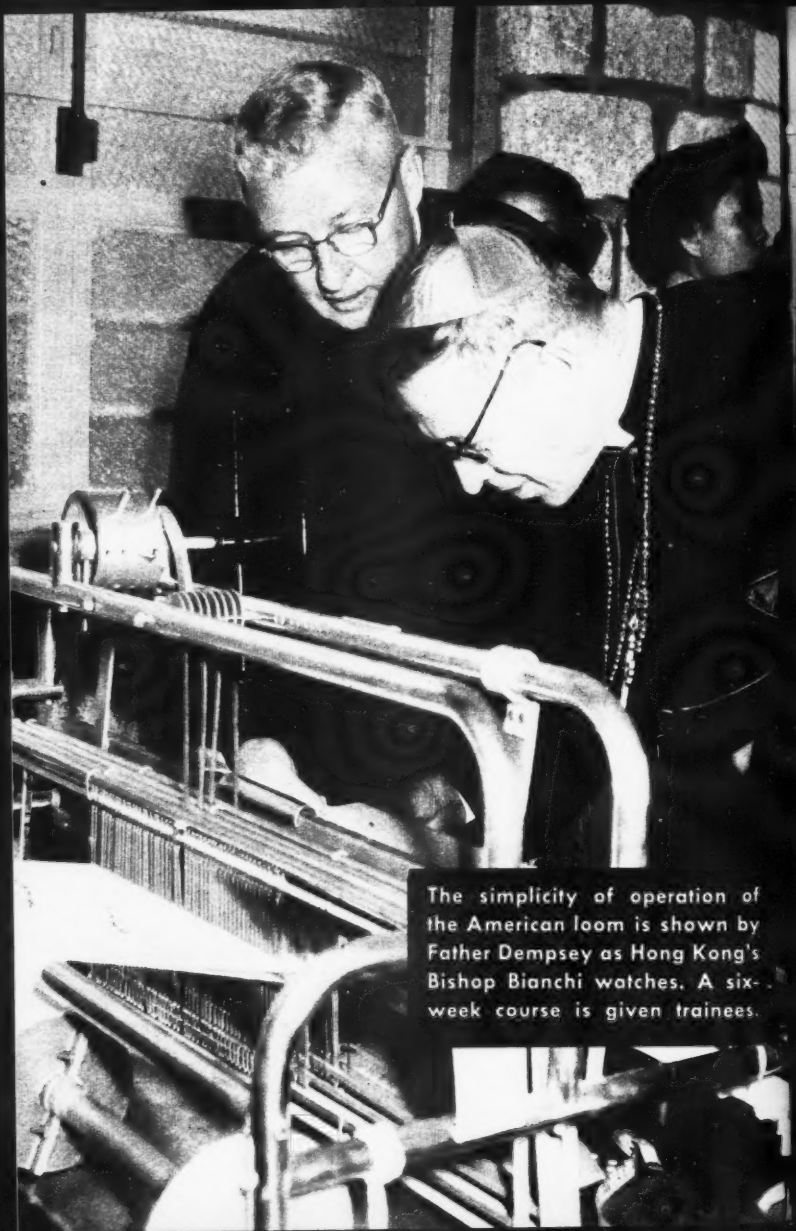


Meet the Cheng Family

■ CHENG YAO is 28 years old, his wife a year younger. Both were born on fishing boats in Aberdeen Bay, Hong Kong. Their whole lives have been spent aboard fishing boats, and today as husband and wife they ride the waves, in sun and rain, on their fifteen-foot sampan.

According to Chinese beliefs, Cheng Yao has the perfect family — two boys and two girls. I Ho (Good Wishes) is nine years old. She has the makings of a good fisherman. Hing Tsai (Prosperous Son) is seven. He is too small to fish. Tak Mui (Virtuous Little Sister) is only four. Baby brother is Ye Ng (Twenty-five), so called because he was born on the twenty-fifth day of the month.

Five years ago, Cheng Yao had an accident that blinded him and tore off one hand. As a result, he is unable to take his boat far out to sea, and cannot repair nets. He must fish by line, and often he spends the whole night without a single catch. Poverty became so bad that hunger has left this industrious father too weak to walk. He drags himself about on the small boat, tending his lines. Recently the Canossian Sisters heard of his plight and now give him daily vitamin injections. For the first time in years, things are looking up for Cheng Yao and his "perfect" family. ■ ■



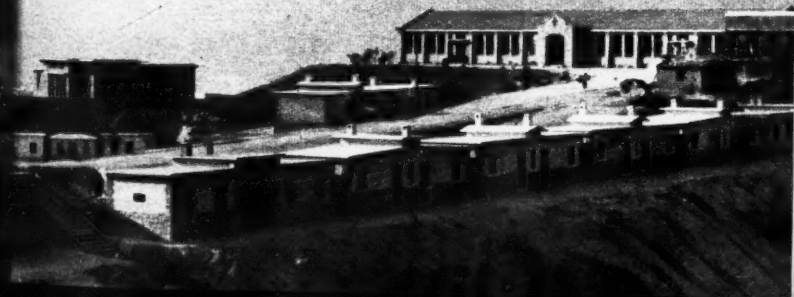
The simplicity of operation of the American loom is shown by Father Dempsey as Hong Kong's Bishop Bianchi watches. A six-week course is given trainees.



Spinning to a New Life

■ WITH A MILLION refugees crowding Hong Kong's already limited space, Maryknollers there have been busy men. The first part of their program was caring for immediate needs. That was done through relief parcels, like the one Grandma has. The next step was more permanent. Father Arthur F. Dempsey, of Peekskill, N. Y., decided to establish home industries. He imported looms from Rhode Island, and began a systematic training program in weaving. ■ ■

Father Dempsey's refugee mission is a beehive of activity (below).





■ RECENTLY Sir Alexander Grantham, Governor of Hong Kong, visited Pope Pius XII Handicraft School. The Governor is at right in both pictures. At the left of Father Dempsey is Eugene Boucher, who journeyed from Woonsocket, R. I., to Hong Kong to give instructions in the operation of the looms. He has had three decades of weaving experience.

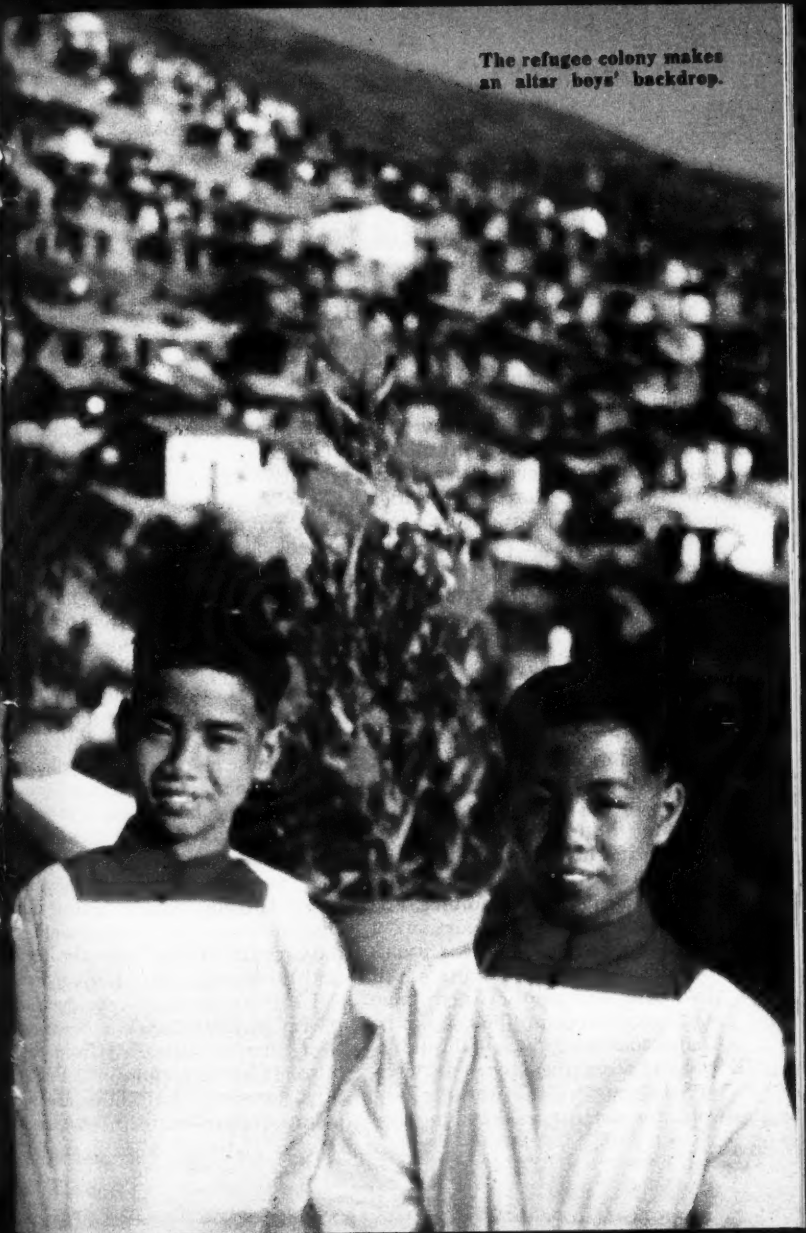
Each loom turns out 35,000 different patterns. The looms are very simple to operate, requiring no footwork. Father Dempsey has ordered 150 machines. He conducts five classes at a time. The cloth produced is excellent. Local markets provide present outlets, but Father hopes to sell eventually in the United States. ■ ■



The refugee colony makes
an altar boys' backdrop.

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Hokkaido — Souls

This missionary thought he had waved good-by to civilization

■ IF I HAD been asked where I should like most not to spend the rest of my life, I would have answered without hesitation, "Hokkaido." It was not surprising, therefore, that when Maryknoll decided to take over this mission, I was assigned as one of the pioneers. Such are the workings of God's grace, however, that I did not mind coming up here and beginning all over again.

Hokkaido is the farthest north of the group of islands that make up the country of Japan. I could describe the odd shape of this island as resembling the piece of dough left over after cutting out a doughnut. We are uncomfortably near the arctic zone; the temperature goes below freezing here, oftener than not. The seasonal change is from a cold winter to a cool, slushy summer. The snow reaches heroic proportions, a fall of ten inches a night is usual.

There are many mountains on Hokkaido, and a lot of them have black diamonds in their innards. Coal accounts for much of the industrial and economical life of the territory. Iwamizawa (Ee-wah-me-zah-wah), for instance, makes dynamite

to blast the coal. Except that coal is dirty, and everything around it becomes grimy, and it costs twenty dollars a ton, and we use about twenty tons a year, I don't know a thing about coal, so I shall leap to safer ground.

Hokkaido's scenery — what there is of it — is somewhat wild and primitive, compared with the artistic and sometimes dainty scenery of Japan's main island.

The people of Hokkaido, too, are different. They don't seem to have much use for the amenities and courtesies that are the breath of life of Japanese elsewhere. The climate, and the need to forge a new life out of what to a large extent is still a wilderness, have made them into a more virile and independent people. Strangely enough, they are more friendly and tolerant than their compatriots down south. I have come to like both the place and the people very much indeed.

I was assigned to take over the parish in Iwamizawa, a town just over an hour due east from Sapporo. It has a population of about fifty thousand; but there are two counties attached to the parish; so

ls in Snowland

but soon found himself at home with a virile friendly people.

our total is about a hundred and fifty thousand souls.

This mission was established by a French missionary some 42 years ago. At that time, he built only the rectory, a two-story affair. Later there was a succession of German Franciscans; one built the church and the *dendokan* (preaching hall). A third Franciscan built the kindergarten, and still another was quite successful in building up the spiritual Church.

The church is a comfortable six minutes' walk from the railroad station. I must confess that my first view of my future home left me aghast. The buildings made me think of egg crates thrown together — unpainted egg crates. But I soon got used to them, and it's only seldom that I pray for a carelessly thrown match and a strong wind. We are in the process of painting.

On the Sunday after my arrival here, one of the Japanese priests of Sapporo came to introduce me to the people. After Mass they held a sort of reception for me in the kindergarten. It was very pleasant. At that time, I made arrangements for visiting people in their homes, and

for starting classes and Masses in the country districts.

Since then, my schedule of work has developed roughly like this: Two Masses in Iwamizawa on Sunday, with a sermon at both, and a catechism class for about fifteen men. Every Tuesday, I have a small class at the local hospital. Twice a week I have a class in English; one for college students and one for high school students.

There are a few high lights which indicate that some day, with God's help, the Church here will grow.

In November, the local branch of Hokkaido University Arts Division invited me to give a lecture on the influence of Catholic teachings on English literature to about a hundred students. On the 24th of December, the Rotary Club invited me to attend a Christmas luncheon, and give a talk on the meaning of Christmas. The talk was tape-recorded and broadcast to the city on Christmas morning. I was asked to give another lecture to 400 students of a sewing school in Kuriyama.

If you keep Hokkaido in your prayers, some day there will be more to report.





The author examines some of the wealth of the valley, in a vineyard where poverty-stricken men labored for fifteen cents a day.

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This cheerful home replaced one like the ramshackle house on page 21.

THE PRIEST KILLER

Poverty was the expected lot until Father went to work.

BY BERNARD L. O'BRIEN, M.M.

■ PANQUEHUE (pronounced Pan-kay-way) in the province of Aconcagua, Chile, has the reputation of being "*mata cura*" — "the priest killer." In twenty-six years, it had twenty-eight pastors, one of whom stayed only six hours. For four years of that time, the parish was closed and a priest came only on weekends. When Maryknoll took

over the area, the parish house was abandoned, the church locked, and the pews draped with cobwebs.

There was an almost-unbelievable contrast between Panquehue's natural beauty and its unnatural poverty, as Father Stephen Foody and I rode into the valley. On every side were large fruit farms, and the area seemed one that should be prosperous.

But closer investigation revealed the true picture. The growing and harvest season lasted about seven months. During that period, the farm workers were paid by the owners. Pay ran from about ten cents a day for workers to perhaps

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From odds and ends, Father Steve built a school bus the people admire.

a quarter for overseers. The workers lived all year around in farm-owned houses that were made of adobe, over sixty years old, unhealthy and unsafe. Poverty was the common lot, and only the saintly managed to keep trust in God and not lose faith.

As we toured the valley, Father Foody kept saying over and over, "How can we teach religion to people with empty stomachs?"

In the beginning, we ourselves were hardly better off than the people. During the first few days, we used ginger ale to comb our hair and for shaving — there was nothing else. We pulled grass from the cracks in our rectory floor, and

mixed mud to patch the walls. It was three months before the place was clean enough and repaired enough to put in furniture and have a meal indoors.

Meanwhile, we were trying to sell the owners the idea that a contented worker is a productive worker, and that justice requires that a worker be given the means of adequate livelihood. Father Steve persuaded his old friend, Bishop Manuel Larrain, Chile's apostle of social justice, to come and give a series of conferences to the owners.

A month later, an architect-friend made plans for new houses and offered his services free to oversee the building. More conferences followed

Father Foody and a social worker visit a woman whose dwelling is to be replaced.

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with the owners as we offered plans for economic, sanitary and liveable houses. The idea was greeted so warmly that Father Steve organized a cooperative and brought in a brick-making machine.

Then a noted social worker gave several ideas to Father Steve, and she was invited to come and organize a service to be run by the parish for the betterment of the people. In quick succession a clinic was launched, night classes for the illiterate, a boys' club and recreation center, cooking classes showing the women how to can and preserve for the empty months, and sewing classes for the girls.

But Father Steve's secret vanity is the school bus. It began with two old truck axles that he found on a junk heap. With other scraps of iron and odds and ends, he built a school bus that is the pride of the valley. Now the children get to school, rain or shine.

In the seven mission chapels of the parish, Mass is regularly celebrated. All over the valley, the old spirit of religion is budding anew. The priest is now looked on as a

general "trouble shooter," and every sort of problem is brought to the rectory for solution.

The results of the conferences with the farm owners have been amazing. In five of the twenty farms, the owners have reformed their farms entirely. Old houses have been knocked down and new ones built. Wages have been raised and there is more security. The health problem has been greatly alleviated through the social visitor and the nurse, each of whom travels up and down the valley passing out the medicines sent by friends in the United States.

Father Foody is no longer at Panquehue. He has been called to open up another new area. Father Fred Walker has come here as pastor to carry on the work so well begun. He has plans for more chapels, each with a clinic attached. Under his direction, the valley continues to improve, materially and spiritually.

Panquehue shows what can be done. Once bitter men now thank God with prayers long forgotten. All that was needed was a missionary who didn't believe in "priest killers." ■■

INDY ANN MAKES AN INVESTMENT



LORETTA YOUNG SAYS:

INTERVIEW

"Every Catholic Must Have a Conversion"

Loretta Young became a leading lady when she was fourteen years old. Since that time, she has won many awards and honors, the most recent being the "Emmy" given her this year as television's best actress. She has long been noted for her many works of charity, and has long been a member of the "Maryknoll family." In this exclusive interview with Father Francis J. Caffrey, she gives some of the philosophy behind her successful career.

Q Hello, everyone! This is Father Frank Caffrey speaking from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis. You know Mrs. Lewis as Loretta Young, of screen, radio and TV. Where were you born, Loretta?

A Salt Lake City, Father. Since my real name is Young and I was born in Utah, a lot of people think I am a Mormon. Mormons are wonderful people, I must say, but I'm grateful I was born a Catholic.

Q Do you recall any priest or Sister who helped in your vocation?

A When I was in the eighth grade, there was an awfully nice boy named Marty Hiss. He recalled this incident to me the other day. It was at St. Brendan's School. Father

Ford asked each of us what we were going to be. One girl said that she was going to be a secretary; another, a wife. I was going to be an actress. Then he asked Marty, and he said, "I'm going to be a priest." I turned around and said to him, "Marty, you'll never make it." Years passed by, and I never saw him. About two years ago I was in the hospital, and Sister came in and said, "Loretta, there's a Father Hiss to see you." I replied: "Sister, I don't know any Father Hiss. The only Hiss I know is a boy I was in the eighth grade with." Well, he came in. It was Marty Hiss. He was a priest, and I an actress!

Q That's a fine story!

INTERVIEW

A I've been fortunate to have always gone to Catholic schools. My mother is a convert, and it was a wonderful thing for us. The longer I live, the more I realize that every person, non-Catholic or cradle Catholic, must have a conversion. It's even more difficult for us cradle Catholics to have our conversion because we always think: "We know the catechism. We went to Catholic schools, so we know our religion." This is all too common among our lay people, and I include myself. That is one of the reasons we started making retreats every year.

Q *Did any priest or Sister help you to find your conversion?*

A I think that the greatest influence on my adult life is Sister Mary Winifred. She runs St. Ann's Maternity Hospital for unmarried mothers. It was eleven years ago that I first met her.

Q *How did it come about?*

A I just had my first son, Christopher, and I was leaving Queen of Angels Hospital for home. Doctor Halloran came in and said, "Loretta, there's a Sister who wants to see you." I answered: "I really want to get home, Doctor. What does she want?" He replied: "I don't know, Loretta. Can you give her ten minutes?" I said, "Oh, Doctor! I really want to get home!" So he started out of the room. I called after him: "All right, Doctor. Ten minutes." He came back and picked up the phone. "Tell Sister to come up," he said. "Mrs. Lewis can give her

ten minutes." I asked him who the Sister was. "She belongs to St. Ann's Maternity Hospital. She's been up all night with a case." Well, I don't have to tell you how small that made me feel. I was so pompous as to allow ten minutes!

Q *What happened then, Loretta?*

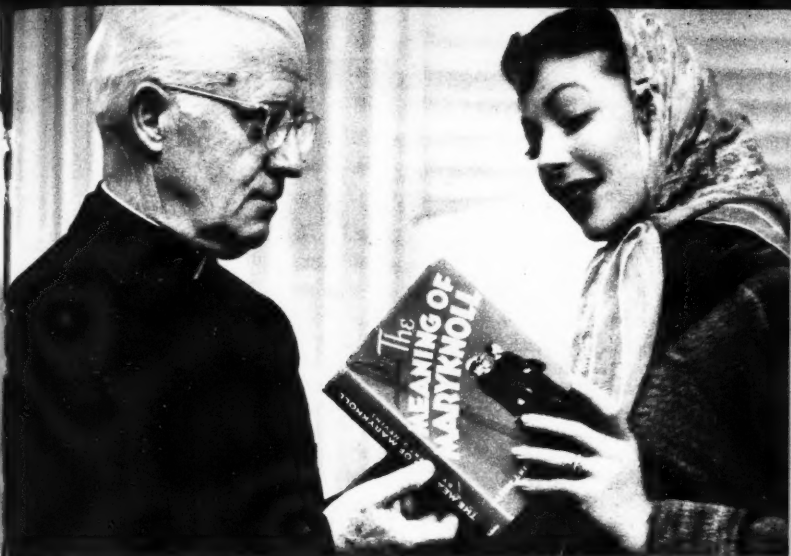
A Sister Winifred arrived and stated her case very clearly in ten minutes. She needed money. I told her that I didn't have the kind of money she wanted. "I understand that," she said, "but I'm told there is money in the picture business. Perhaps you could be a liaison." I promised her that I would think about it. Actually, I tried to forget it, because I had never done any kind of personal work. Charity, to me, was signing a check and deducting it from income tax.

Q *No personal service?*

A That's right. It was always cold. Anyway, I couldn't get Sister and her project out of my mind. I particularly remembered the last thing Sister said as she left the room. She said: "Mrs. Lewis, the unmarried mothers in this hospital are not bad girls. Bad girls do not have babies."

Q *That is very true.*

A Although I tried not to think about it, Sister's visit disturbed me. About a month later, my husband said: "You'd better call Sister Winifred. You are not going to rest until you do something." I did. As a result, I invited four or five friends in the picture business to meet Sis-



Visiting her TV set, Father found Loretta reading up on Maryknoll.

ter. I have been working with Sister ever since. I've gotten far more out of the work than I have put into it. I have learned to go down to the hospital and go through the wards. Believe me, Father, these are wonderful girls! They have made a mistake but now they have turned their little faces back to God and are running in His direction.

Q *I hope this won't embarrass you, Loretta, but recently Mrs. Henry Clark, who is active at the hospital, told Bishop Lane and myself about how you help the girls, go into the kitchen and advise them in their cooking, cheer them up, and give them all sorts of practical advice. She noticed once as you were saying good-night to some twenty or twenty-five girls, that you kissed each*

one of them. She gave a lovely report.

A They are all good girls, trying to do what God wants them to do. I thank God for the day Sister Winifred walked into the hospital room. It was the changing point in my life. From then on, I knew that things happen by God's will.

Q *In addition to the wonderful things you are doing here for the Catholic Charities, I know that you are also interested in the Lord's work in far-off places.*

A Oh, yes, Father! I got a letter the other day from Monsignor Kupfer, who is on Formosa. He must be a wonderful man. His letter was really kind, and grateful for so little. Those of us who have been blessed by God with material things never seem to appreciate them. We

NEW RADIO SHOW

IF YOU found this interview interesting, you will enjoy a new radio series called SUNDAY IN HOLLYWOOD, which Maryknoll is releasing without charge to radio stations. Featuring top names in the entertainment world—Loretta Young, Danny Thomas, Ann Blyth, Bing Crosby, to mention those on the first two shows—the programs will tell stories of personal faith, accenting the need for more priests, Brothers, and Sisters at home and abroad. Tell your local station the programs can be had free by writing to Maryknoll. The programs are also available for church and school groups, at long-playing record cost.

don't do near as much as we should. Here is a man who has given his whole life! He just seems to be walking hand-in-hand with Our Lord.

Q *Well, whatever he and the other Maryknollers are able to do, is done because of good people like yourself who sacrifice for them.*

A Speaking of sacrifice, Father, I heard a lovely story the other day. A Sister instructed her class that each child should make a sacrifice for Lent, give up the thing most liked. A week later one of the mothers came to Sister and reported that her little girl would no longer say her prayers or go to Mass. Sister called the child in and asked for an explanation. "You told us to give up what we love most," the girl said. "So I'm giving up God for Lent."

Q *What is your favorite prayer, Loretta?*

A I'm an awful beggar, Father. I beg for everything. Then one day it dawned on me that, although I got the things I prayed for, they were not really very important. So I made up a little prayer that I say every day, and that I've tried to teach to our two boys and our girl. It's this: "Please, dear God, give me the strength to stand whatever You send me."

Q *Loretta, how would you and Tom feel if God should call either Peter or Christopher to serve Him as a priest here in the United States or on some mission field?*

A It would be the answer to our prayers, Father. Tom and I have spent our whole lives in the entertainment world. We've run across a lot of what the world calls important, successful people. We've been lucky, because we've had the opportunity to discover that material success has nothing to do with real success as a human being. As a matter of fact, it's a handicap, to real happiness. So just selfishly from a mother's point of view, I would like nothing better than to have this Divine calling for our children. It bends them on the important things in life from the beginning. It's probably difficult for you as a priest to realize what it means to a parent to have a child become a priest or nun. This is real success as a parent.

Q *Earlier, Loretta, you mentioned making a retreat. Was that the new-*

type retreat, the husband-and-wife retreat?

A Yes, Father. It's a movement that began five or six years ago out here. We women used to make a retreat every year. When we got home, we tried to tell our husbands in a few moments what it took a priest three days to tell us. So we began talking about a husband-and-wife retreat. Although the re-

ENTERTAINMENT WORLD

TELE-VIEWERS recently saw and heard mentions of Maryknoll. On the *Loretta Young Show*, Loretta, who ends each show on an inspirational note, picked up a copy of MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR and read from it. Also recently, the singer, Hildegard, appearing on *Masquerade Party*, won \$195, which she assigned "to my favorite charity, Maryknoll." Our thanks to each of them!

treats are not aimed solely at marriage, they are invaluable. So many little things come up in a marriage, no matter how successful it is, that take God's providence to settle, or the advice of a priest.

Q Do you get practical help in these retreats?

A Indeed we do! At one of the conferences of the last retreat, the priest spoke about temptations Saint

Paul had and how he prayed God to take them away because he was afraid he might succumb. Our Lord replied: "No, I will not take them away. My grace is sufficient to sustain you." What a wonderful answer! I had probably heard it many times, but it never rang a bell until during that retreat. When a problem came up, I would always say: "Lord, if I just didn't have to cope with this problem, I'd be all right. Give me another problem but take this one away."

Q That's the human reaction. We all know it.

A Well, for the first time in my life I got a glimmer of what Our Lord's answer to Saint Paul meant. The answer is not to try and run away from a problem but to ask God for the strength to stand whatever He sees fit to send me. I used to try and grasp everything said in a retreat. Now I try to come out with one resolution. For example, you take one fault and try to overcome it. You try for three days, then for another three days. This way you build up a habit.

Q Loretta, I want to thank you for the privilege of coming into your home today.

A It's our privilege, Father. When a priest comes in, he is a messenger from God.

Q God be with you and Tom and the children. May the Blessed Mother take good care of you all.

A Thank you, Father.

Q Thank you, Loretta.

■ ■



A Missioner's

■ PERHAPS you would rather not read this story, for I cannot tell you with certainty how it ended. Although it took place in Middle America, it began in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, one summer's afternoon in 1953. The lighting in that great Gothic structure was subdued, and only the high altar could be clearly seen. Some newly ordained missionaries entered the cathedral in procession. These priests, my classmates, were there to receive their formal assignments to mission lands, and to be given their mission crucifixes.

Forty large crucifixes lay on a table, one to be given to each departant. In many ways, those crucifixes symbolized the mission vocation, a divine call to deliver personally a crucifix to another land, to stay there with it, teaching the people the meaning of its symbolism, and channeling to them the graces merited through the crucifix on which had hung the Son of God.

Later each of those departants journeying to widely spaced lands, carried with him his mission crucifix. Some of the crucifixes now hang over desks or beds. Some are gazed upon by eyes heavy with sleep during early morning Mass, as the moment of consecration draws near. More by chance than design, mine is in our sick-call kit, here in Peto, and that is why it came to be

**You can lead a man to mercy
but you can't make him accept.**

so closely associated with Manuel.

Manuel, working far from town, felt weak, and the pain in his abdomen increased. But this seemed no worse than an attack of malaria, which had threatened his life many times. He decided to rest awhile in the shade until the nausea should pass. He was expected to struggle to produce corn for his family.

The pain in his abdomen increased, then lessened, but it did not go away. He did not know that his appendix had burst, and that his whole system was being poisoned. Other workers carried him home to die, and then called for me. Our catechist went with me, bearing the sick-call kit with the oil for Extreme Unction, and the crucifix for the last blessing and kiss.

Our people, simple though they be, understand that to kiss the crucifix at the hour of death is to share in the graces of Him who hangs upon it. They do not, I'm sure, understand much about indulgences; but they do seem to understand that, coupled with sincere regret for the sins of their lives, the simple act of kissing the crucifix is the acknowledgment of the mercy of Christ. To acknowledge that Divine Mercy is to receive it.

'S Crucifix

BY THOMAS J. McCARTHY, M.M.

Manuel's features were contorted, his hands clenched. I wondered if he was conscious, but in answer to my questions, his lips parted to tell his name. His eyes opened when I told him that I was a priest and that he was dying. I held my mission crucifix before his eyes, and he smiled. I thought the smile was inspired by relief and joy. But when I asked him to kiss the crucifix, the smile faded, and he turned away his face — rejection written upon it.

I waited awhile, hoping that he would change his mind. When I noticed that the sullenness had left his face, I once more spoke to Manuel of mercy. I offered him the crucifix, hoping that this time he would do it reverence. His wife and daughter used all their eloquence, urging him to kiss the crucifix.

His lips did not move nor was there a kiss. The only change that I could notice in his attitude was that he did not turn his head away from the image of the Crucified. No one can interpret the actions of another with certainty. I can't tell you the ending of this story. Only God knows if grace had begun to soften Manuel's heart, as it seemed, and to what extent he yielded to mercy before he died. ■ ■



Spanning the Time Barrier

BY THOMAS N. QUIRK, M.M.

■ OVER twenty years ago, it was my good fortune to visit Japan on my way to Manchuria. I was privileged to tread in the footsteps of St. Francis Xavier. I pictured his hardships amidst the rockbound hills of that land. It was an even greater joy to meet the descendants of his converts.

Some years later, I was transferred to South China. On Sancian Island, where St. Francis Xavier breathed his last, I met some of the converts, descendants of those who had been bought at a bitter price.

The spirit of Xavier seems to haunt my missionary footsteps like some gigantic benevolent presence.

One day I found myself with a group of several hundred Catholic missionaries, who were being repatriated to America after several years in a Japanese internment camp. Our point of transfer to a neutral ship was to be Goa, where the earthly remains of the great saint rest in peace. The mammoth figure of Xavier seemed to fill the air as we steamed into the beautiful harbor of Goa.

My present mission field is Africa. After I had only been here a short while, I met a rare and beautiful soul. He had been a Protestant missionary for over forty years, until the truth of the Catholic Faith captivated him. To buy the Pearl of Great Price, he had to sacrifice a considerable income, very dear friends, a valuable Government position — even his own family. Yet he did it cheerfully.

I asked him what had led to his conversion. It seems that he was a born explorer, and on a trip to Malindi, on the East African coast, he decided to try to find some traces of the Portuguese Christians, expelled by the Arabs in the sixteenth century. His zeal was rewarded one day when he uncovered a beautiful mosaic of our Blessed Mother in a tumble-down hut on the beach. He discovered that St. Francis Xavier had said Mass in that very hut, in 1542, on his way to Goa. The explorer then petitioned the British Government to rehabilitate the hut as a valuable relic of former Christian days. In this he was successful, and the hut became a shrine.

The explorer, too, was caught in the benevolent web of the saint. By his excavations he had literally dug his way into the Church.

Recently I visited Malindi, and there I once more reveled in the fragrance of the saint's memory. I was asked to celebrate the only Sunday Mass in that desolate area. My congregation consisted of Europeans, Goans, and Africans — just a few of the races that this giant among saints had labored to bring into the Church.

■ ■

"He'll Have to Die; I Can't Spare Any Money Now."

YOU wouldn't say that. If the boy were here, gaunt and shrunken with his empty stomach and his empty rice bowl, you wouldn't hesitate. You'd give.

Probably you threw crumbs to the birds this morning. It isn't hardness of heart that keeps Maryknoll from receiving the aid needed in this desperate time.

It is because the birds are at your door and the boy is half a world away.

Once this boy was fat and rosy, the joy of a home, the hope of a nation. He may grow up to be great — a statesman, an artist, a scientist or poet or inventor. Or he may not grow up at all.

We have had to watch so many of them die. They go out quietly, like small flames. *You* only read about it, but *we* see it happen.

We have prayed, of course; but God works through human instruments. He expects us to do something — the Maryknoll Fathers and the Maryknoll Members. He expects *you* to do something.

This page of print is the only way we have of reaching thousands of people in a hurry, so that the children of China, now refugees in Hong Kong, may be saved, so that the fires of their lives may burn a little longer, so that they may live on into China's better times ahead!

Please don't put it aside. Read it, believe it is literally true, realize somehow what it means in terms of life and death. Can you spare a dollar, two, five? Will you? "As long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me."

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
Maryknoll, New York



The Last



Bishop Byrne
Death by Reds



Father Carey
Andean accident



Father Cairns
Murdered



Father Conley
Victim of charity



Father Cummings
Starved to death



Father Rottner
Burned to death



Bishop Ford
Red victim

1. Bishop Patrick J. Byrne, Washington, D.C., died November 25, 1950, after Death March and ill-treatment by Reds in North Korea.

2. Father Thomas J. Carey, Newark, N. J., died in 1945, when truck on which he was a passenger overturned in the Peruvian Andes.

3. Father Robert J. Cairns, Worcester, Mass., died at outbreak of World War II when Japanese put him in pig basket and threw him in sea.

4. Father Lawrence A. Conley, Dorchester, Mass., died painfully after he ruptured his kidneys moving barrels of powdered milk for poor.

5. Father William J. Cummings, San Francisco, Calif., died in hold of Japanese prison ship after Bataan Death March. (See page four.)

Maryknoll is young already a substantial number of her missionaries have died violently or because of their work. These fixed

6. Father James Rottner, Cincinnati, Ohio, died in 1945 when at night a destroyer destroyed his rectory in Chile.

7. Bishop Francis Ford, New York, N. Y., died July 21, 1950, in Red prison in London, after suffering mistreatment.

8. Father Daniel McShane, Columbus, Ind., died from smallpox caught from abandoned baby he rescued in orphanage.

9. Father Francis Sullivan, Jersey City, N. J., died in 1945 when part of his mission in Japan was destroyed by

"GREATER LOVE THAN THIS"



Father McShane
Plague

treat Gift



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rescued orphanage.

er Francis Mulligan, Jer-
., N. J., died in 1954
rt of his mission in Chile
destroyed by

10. Father Otto A. Rauschenbach, St. Louis, Mo., while on a sick call in 1945, was trapped by Chinese bandits and slain.

11. Father Joseph H. Schrubbe, Roseland, Neb., while working among Chinese refugees, caught typhus, then epidemic, and died.

12. Brother Gonzaga Chilutti, Philadelphia, Pa., was killed in 1952 while traveling in Bolivia on a jungle river that was in flood.

13. Father Leo J. Peloquin, Brockton, Mass., died at the outbreak of World War II while being taken from Korea to a prison in Japan.

14. Father Gerard A. Donovan, Pittsburgh, Pa., was brutally murdered in 1938 after he was kidnapped in Manchuria.



Father Donovan
Murdered



Father Peloquin
Prisoner



Brother Gonzaga
Killed in jungle

HAN IS NO MAN HAS...



Ford
Plague



McShane
Plague



Father Mulligan
Burned to death



Father Rauschenbach
Murdered



Father Schrubbe
Plague victim

Gift Suggestions . . .

BOOKS —

AMBASSADOR IN CHAINS Bishop Lane's biography of Bishop Byrne who died of brutal Red treatment in Korea. **\$3.50**

AFRICA, WORLD OF NEW MEN Father Considine's thrilling story of his travels to remotest villages of Africa. **\$4.00**

The Adventures of DUC OF INDO-CHINA Father Nevins' newest fast moving, action packed adventure story for teen-agers. **\$2.75**

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FIRST BOOKS (for ages 4 to 7)
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Listen to God, Let's Pray
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YOUNG CATHOLIC SERIES
(for ages 7 to 10)
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Friends with God
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#321 Miniature sterling rosary in sterling case **\$3.95**

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Cellophane package of 21 different cards and envelopes \$1.00

Carton of 100 assorted \$4.00

(available assorted only)

Let us imprint your name on every card.
Extra charge for imprinting: \$2.00 for the first 100, plus 50 cents for each additional 100.

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☐ \$ _____ enclosed ☐ Please bill me.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (please print or write your name clearly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THE SINGLE SEED



BY PHILIP MORINI, M.M.

**Desperate and alone, she was
on the road leading to nowhere
until she discovered a friend.**

■ MARQUITA was the last one to take her place in line, when the school bell rang for assembly at Sacred Heart School in Honolulu. The younger children didn't want to have anything to do with her. They considered her a part of the adult world. They were restless and nervous and fidgety when she was in their midst. Marquita was only twelve years old but she was as tall as the teacher of the released-time catechism class. Physically she had developed beyond her years. Unfortunately, her mental and moral growth had not kept apace.

However, I could not refuse Marquita when she asked if she might join the weekly instruction class. She pleaded eloquently and earnestly with me, to allow her to have a small share of recognition in the atmosphere of open friendliness that characterized the religion class. Although I allowed her to enroll, I did so with many misgivings. My fears proved more than justified. Within the course of a few weeks, she set a pattern of conduct that disrupted and divided and disorgan-

MARYKNOLL

ized the class. Marquita's questions, for instance, had no bearing whatsoever on the type of religious instruction provided for a class of young children. She possessed an uncanny ability to display what she knew about courtship and marriage. She cleverly phrased her inquiries, so as to emphasize and dramatize the contrast between the laxity of those who lived by their belief in other moral systems and the rigidity imposed on those who would live by the Catholic code. This type of question demanded an answer far beyond the reach of the minds of the smaller children, who predominated.

In other ways, too, Marquita posed a difficult problem for me. I knew that she came from a broken home because she defiantly boasted of the fact. Under the circumstances I felt extremely reluctant to sever the one remaining link she had with decency and morality by compelling her to leave the class. In permitting her to remain, I was backed up by the realization that Marquita was a human person, pitifully in need. Her soul was fertile ground for planting a seed, whether for good or for evil. The other children in the class could not, of course, understand my dilemma. And yet I had to remember that they were the majority, and consider their requirements as well.

Another matter that was of grave concern to me was the attitude of the children, exposed as they were to secular education. Other schools resorted to gift-giving and glowing promises. Such methods held an attraction for children that was dif-

ficult for me to compete with, particularly in the case of Marquita. They emphasized the physical rather than the spiritual aspect of life. Eternity was quietly but effectively ignored. It followed that sin held more attraction than virtue, for young minds that drank in this de-emphasis of the spiritual. Children coming to religion class out of this turmoil of liberal education had to be salvaged. I knew that the little ones would be safe in the guiding arms of Mother Church.

Once I called upon a teacher of a school to inquire about several of my pupils who had neglected to attend catechism class. In the course of the conversation, the teacher admitted, "Although I believe in God and instruct my pupils according to Protestant belief, I do not believe a word of what I am teaching." She willingly agreed to see that the Catholic children in her class would come regularly to catechism class.

But to get back to Marquita, one day she did not come to class. In a sense I was relieved, and so were the children. Several weeks went by, and still no Marquita. I inquired but no one seemed to have any knowledge of her whereabouts. Then about a month later, she appeared at the door of the school. She offered no excuse or explanation for her absence. Weighing all the factors involved, I decided that it was the opportune moment to tell her not to return to the class.

"Marquita," I said, "I feel that it would be the best for all concerned if you would not attend class here any more. You are a great deal older than the other children,

and I must say frankly that your attitude is not the proper one. I am truly sorry to have to exclude you, but you have made no effort to correct the situation, and your example is not the best for the children. I prefer that you do not come."

The silence that followed this ultimatum

was like thunder in my ears. Marquita's eyes were like smoldering fire as her face ran the gamut of aroused emotions. Then as suddenly as it had appeared, her resentment died. She held out her hand and said: "I am sorry, Brother. I did not realize. Forgive me, and please let me stay. I have nowhere else to go that is good."

That happened twenty years ago. Last year I had occasion to visit the island, from which I had departed for another assignment shortly after Marquita had been allowed to return to the school. On Sunday morning after Mass, I stood outside Sacred Heart Church and renewed acquaintance with several old friends.

A woman with two small boys approached. Smilingly she held out her hand to me. "Don't you remember me, Brother?" she asked.

And then it dawned on me who she was. "Marquita!" I exclaimed.

Questions flew about how she had fared, and then her whole story came pouring out.

"Brother," she said, "I shall always be grateful for the scolding you gave me on the steps of the school so many years ago. You made me think! You forced me to

realize what I was about to lose. It was only then that I sensed how precious religion was to me. Later I married a good man, and we have two sons. The two boys I have with me are my adopted sons. I found them neglected and alone, and I made up my mind, when I saw how much they needed help, that I would give them a home and send them regularly to the instruction class that I once attended. Here was an opportunity to pay back in some small way what the good God gave me in the kindness and interest and care I received from Him through you when I needed it."

The seed planted in Marquita had been planted in good ground after all. It had been watered with God's grace, had grown in stature, and was bearing good fruit. My prayers that night were the more fervent because God had given me the grace of looking upon the full-grown tree. ■ ■

WE ANSWER ALL MAIL

directly we receive it. Sometimes a letter lacks a name and address, so we fail to acknowledge it. If you do not receive a quick answer, will you please write and tell us?

"Few of the blind on Formosa are beggars," writes Father Michael J. O'Connor. "They are trained as masseurs; and at night they make their lonely way through the streets, playing their weird, high-pitched flutes, awaiting calls to enter homes and apply their expert ministrations."

Will you take his place?



FATHER ROBERT W. MORSE, OF MILWAUKEE, WISC., WAS ORDAINED JUNE 15, 1947, AT MARYKNOLL TEN DAYS LATER, HIS FRIENDS WERE BACK IN THE MARYKNOLL CHAPEL, THIS TIME FOR THE FUNERAL OF THE DEVOTED YOUNG PRIEST.



HE DIED FOLLOWING AN EMERGENCY OPERATION, ON THE DAY HE WAS TO HAVE CELEBRATED HIS FIRST SOLEMN HIGH MASS. DURING HIS SHORT PRIESTLY LIFE, HE CELEBRATED ONLY ONE MASS. GOD ALLOWED THE 28-YEAR-OLD MAN ONLY ONE DAY OF PRIESTLY LIFE.



MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK

Dear Fathers: Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one.) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Age.....School.....Grade.....

No Middle Ground

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M.

■ WHEN the question comes as to why foreign-mission work should be done, we can only suppose that the questioner believes the Church would make greater progress by not doing it; for, after all, there is no middle ground between these alternatives.

Evidently the Church itself, put on record by all the Popes in its long history, has held for the performance, since mission advance has been the Church's established policy for nineteen hundred years. If you wish to go farther back than that, you immediately come upon the direct precept of Christ commanding, and this is so full and sufficient a reason that it is the only one the Church has ever bothered about.

However, you can plumb more deeply still, if you like, and ask why Christ commanded a method whose efficiency is apparently open to question, since there are those who think the Church would make bet-

ter progress without it. To this difficulty we can only make answer that we do not know with any exhaustive penetration, but we feel that Christ knew with the fullness of divine comprehension. Obviously, there is something He fathomed about human nature and human affairs that told Him His Church would fare better by going and teaching all nations than it would by staying at home and concentrating on one nation.

If Christ had not disclosed His method, it would have been logical enough for the Church to adopt, or at least to try, the other method. We have known human enterprises that succeeded by staying at home, and conceivably it could be the case with the Church. The trouble is that He who knew the whole story told us differently.

There are many conceivable ways, many tested methods, of spreading the Gospel and building



This Month's Cover

THE Korean gentleman on our cover is a study in poise. We can almost imagine he's out for a stroll in the evening after telling his grandchildren one of their favorite bedtime stories—the one about the smart little rabbit who encountered a hungry, snarling tiger and succeeded in outwitting him not once but three times.

up the Church; but the best — the basic — will always remain the simple formula laid down by Christ Himself when He said, "As the Father has sent me, I also send you." (*John xx:21*)

There is something about the soul-stirring and revolutionizing message of redemption that necessitates its communication to men through men — and, indeed, through women, as the history of every completely successful and evenly developed mission field attests. There are methods and methods, but Christ knew that the mere recruiting and sending of His chosen missionaries, trained in His school and aided by His grace, was the one vital requirement for getting the work done.

TO SEE missionaries in action is to realize this truth. Not all are apostles; not many are geniuses; not any, perhaps, are saints. Not all are even carpenters and cooks, and some do not know enough to give a baby some worm medicine. Not all, in short, are fully equipped, by nature and training, for all the psychological, physical and practical demands that may confront them in the course of their work. But all possess the main thing — a glowing human personality consecrated for a lifetime of service to others. Thus they are doers and tryers, planners and hoppers, fighters and stickers — although not conquerors and proficients.

St. Aidan's and Southampton knew them, Forest Park and the North Shore Road, and the comb-

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

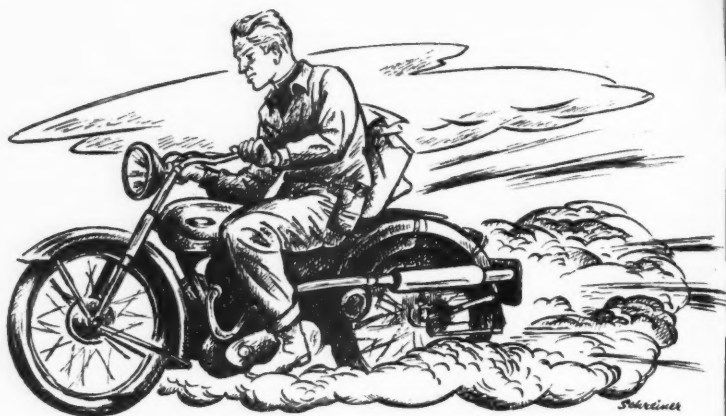
TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911
by the American Hierarchy to
prepare missionaries for the
United States and to send them
forth, under the direction of the
Holy See, to the mission fields
of the world.

ing breakers of the Pacific slope; they came from every bustling city and basking farm that dot their gracious land. But now you find them on the desert sands and in the wilderness, in teeming villages and stifling marts, up strange rivers and wandering the forest paths. Everywhere they speak to men of the Faith that upholds and the love that compels them, by voice and service and every action. So it is that the life brought on earth by the Saviour passes around the world to enter the veins of all peoples, channeled by the selfless souls He has chosen.





Breakdown for Eternity

Here's an up-to-date version
of the story of Balaam's mule.

By RICHARD McMONIGAL, M.M.

■ LAST SUNDAY afternoon Father Fritz and I went down to the river to give a final test to the rebuilt *Innisfail*. After we finished, we went to the other parish. Many of the priests were going to watch a soccer game but I was lazy and it was hot, so I decided to return to the mission. I "stole" Father O'Neill's motorcycle and started back.

The machine was running beautifully but when I arrived at the other side of the plaza it stopped, for no apparent reason. It stopped in front of a man who was just standing there. He came over to talk

about motorcycles, as all Bolivians do when they see one. I tried everything but could not get it to start. I decided to push it back. As I was leaving, the man said very casually, "Will you come to see my mother some time?"

I asked how old she was, and he said about seventy and that she had been sick for a couple of days. I told him to wait and I would go with him. On the way to his house he told me his mother had been away from the sacraments for forty years. I picked up the oils at the chapel and continued on to his two-roomed dirt-floored house.

I began talking to the woman and found she was very reluctant to receive the sacraments because she was afraid that meant she was going to die. I talked with her for over an hour. I was soaked through with sweat from the heat in the tiny

house. Finally between her son and myself, we convinced her she should make her peace with God. I heard her confession and began the last anointing.

Right in the middle of it she sat up in bed and screamed, "I'm going to die! I'm going to die!" We got her calmed down again, and I was able to continue. It was dark by then and I promised to return the next morning with Communion.

I started back to the mission, picking my way across the precarious little bridges. Since I had the oils with me, I decided to stop to see a sick man whom I had visited the day before. I had asked the doctor and nurse about him but to them he hadn't seemed to be too sick. I groped my way into his dark house. The family told me he had become unconscious about an hour before, but they had done nothing about calling me. Huddled over a flickering candle on the floor, I gave him Extreme Unction and the last blessing, and told the family to call me if he became conscious.

Next morning at 1:30 A.M., they came calling at my window to tell me he had died. I went to the house again and asked if he had regained consciousness and found that once during the night he had. They then told him I had been there and anointed him. He gasped, "That's good!" He never spoke again.

The next morning I took Viaticum to the sick woman. But her son met me in the street and told me that she had died during the night.

Two souls slipped into heaven just in time. ■ ■

NOVEMBER, 1955

55 Days More!

This is a suggestion for Christmas. Please your friends and help the missions by making their gift a subscription to our magazine,

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR. We shall mail the Christmas issue of the magazine, together with a gift card in your name to arrive in time for Christmas. Subscription price: \$1.00 for one year, \$5.00 for six years.

Your gift will be repeated each month through the year.

The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll P.O., New York

Enclosed find \$..... for Christmas gift subscription for:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Sign my name on gift card thus:

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(Names for additional gift subscriptions may be noted on another sheet of paper.)

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MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR

— A Christmas gift
that is appreciated

The Greeks Had a Word For It

BY JOHN C. MURRETT, M.M.

■ A PAID teacher of religious doctrine is nothing new; the Greeks applied a high-sounding word to such a teacher; it was *katechist*. Catholic people of today have not bothered much with the Greek for anything; so when they see a word like "catechist," evidently it is passed over as being one of the catenates in the cataclysm category, and they sit back with a shrug and leave it to the Greeks.

I say "evidently," because for years it has been noticed that, while American Catholics make many sacrifices to support missions and missionaries, requests for help in the support of catechists seem to come before the eyes of people who say, "That's Greek to me!" and let it go.

Perhaps it's because the word is difficult. I asked a good friend (and a generous giver) to get us some help for the support of our catechists. He replied: "Cat-uh, Cat? Kissed? What in the world are you talking about?"

I explained what a catechist is: the right hand of every missionary; the trouble shooter, the one who settles all misunderstandings, who goes to bat for the pastor and the curates, too; the one who starts the

prayers in church and keeps them rolling. He's the one who reads the Gospel in the local language; who then sits back and listens to his pupil preach a sermon that he himself has written practically from scratch.

The catechist is a man — or in many an instance, a woman — who starts after the first Mass on Monday morning, to teach catechism to people who have to hurry to work or to school before the pastor or curates are up from the breakfast table; who runs to the hospital between classes, snatching souls, teaching here and there. He gets back to the mission for the mid-afternoon class for high-school boys or girls.

The catechist is the person who says "Yes," for the Fathers, who knows how to say "No," politely but firmly. He grabs a bite to eat before teaching the new curate a language lesson. Then he has several evening classes before catching the last bus home at 9:47 P.M.

But he's at early Mass the next morning, ready again for another day's work. The word catechist might be wrong, but there's nothing wrong about a worker like that — except his miserable pay. ■ ■

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LORD MAO LEADS THE WAY

■ A FINE figure of a man is Lord Mao (right). He holds sway in the hearts of his people because he is straight and strong and true. Lord Mao and his clan live near Sun Moon Lake, high in the mountain grandeur of Formosa. Their colorful, tribal dances regularly entertain thousands of tourists.

One day Father Armand Jacques came into this scenic wonderland. Lord Mao soon knew that Father was no mere tourist, but a man with



NOVEMBER, 1955



Archbishop Riberi, Apostolic Delegate to China, baptizes Lord Mao. Thus did the king of the aborigines submit to the King of kings.



Mao.
ngs.

Nothing but the best in tribal finery would do for those who attended Lord Mao's baptism. Exotic costumes bring out their natural dignity.





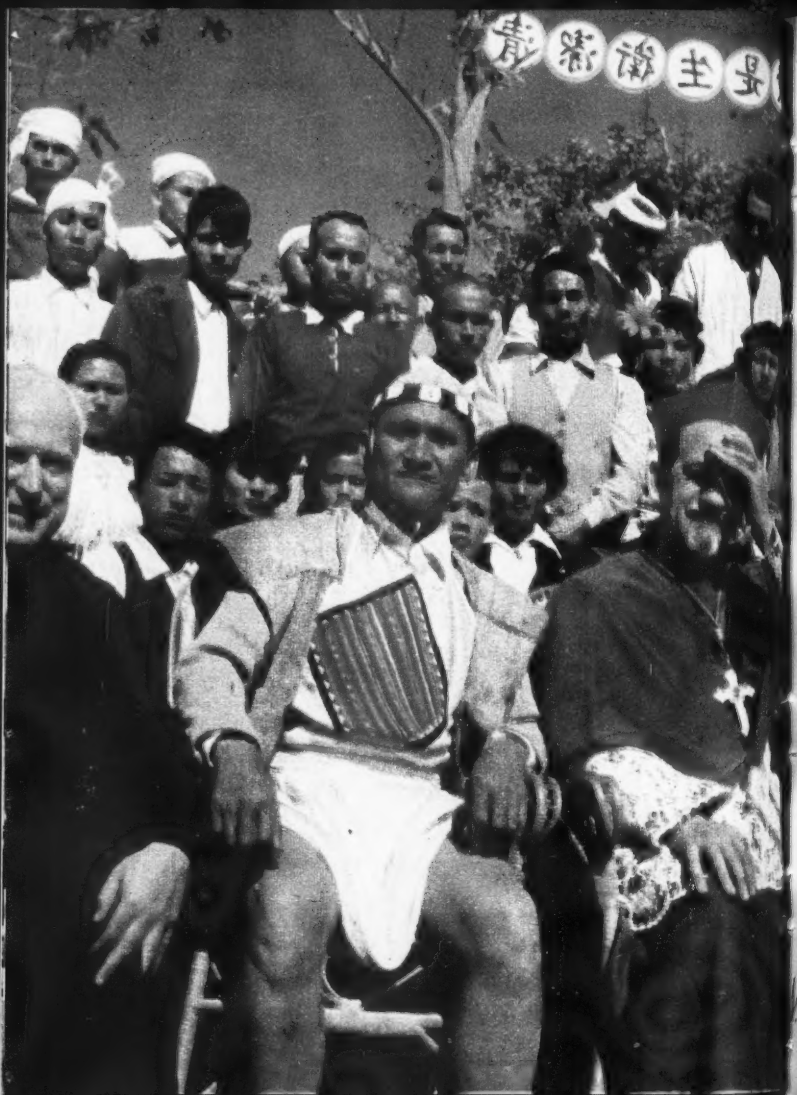
Descendants of headhunters receive their First Holy Communion during a Solemn High Mass.

respect in his heart. Father Jacques opened up a whole new horizon to Lord Mao—a chance to learn about Christ. Lord Mao was quick to take the initiative. He invited Father Jacques to open a mission among his people. He led the way by becoming a Christian himself. This album features a few of the highlights connected with his baptism.

Now these descendants of aboriginal headhunters have a church of their own, dedicated to Our Lady of the Mountains. The new church, a red-brick building that stands on a small plateau on the side of a mountain, is a symbol of this clan's new vista on eternity. ■ ■

Father Armand Jacques brought his successful mission methods from China to Formosa's hills.





Our hearts beat a little faster as the rich significance of this event dawns on us. Lord Mao is welcomed into the Church whose destiny is to make herself at home among all people of every land.

THE NEW MARYKNOLL MISSION, MASWA, AFRICA



*offers you these opportunities to supply
memorials for those you love!*

1. Tabernacle for Holy Eucharist . \$250
2. Church roof repairs. \$250
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5. Statue of Blessed Virgin . . . \$100
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The MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$. to help the new
Maryknoll Mission in Maswa, Africa, to pur-
chase a

My Name

My Address

City Zone State

Adding It All Up

BY EDWARD J. McGUINNESS, M.M.

New life is introduced among Guatemala's forgotten Indians.



■ RECENTLY the parish of Cuilco diminished in size, from some 53,000 souls to about 9,000 souls. Five towns have been taken from Cuilco and annexed to other parishes. As a result of this territorial diminution, we have been able to work with more concentrated effort on the area that now comprises this Guatemalan parish. This concentration has taken the form of intensification of the catechetical system.

The diocesan catechetical plan for Catholic Action is being followed here. We have a meeting every Sunday for the catechists who work from the center. Later each volunteer catechist teaches the lesson he learned on Sunday, to five families in his village during the week. The number of those who attend constantly has not changed considerably in the past year. There is always a fringe number whose members come for a short time and then discontinue. Because our system depends most on volunteer

work of the members, it is necessarily slow. But it will, in time, produce substantial results. Father Joseph Nerino, of Dorchester, Mass., has two such catechetical

centers under his direction, one in the village of Cancuc, and another in the village of Posonicapa.

The plan is based on Our Lord's mission methods. He chose twelve Apostles and 72 disciples, and sent them out two by two. There are hints in the Gospel that Our Lord must have briefed his catechists on methods.

In addition to the voluntary catechists, we have two paid catechists. The results of their work during the past year have been encouraging. The plan we have followed with these hired catechists is to have each one give a six-week course of doctrine in a village. Classes are held every afternoon for the children, and every evening for the adults. Moreover, during the six-week period, the catechist visits every family

in the village and fills out a census card for each family.

Thanks to its director, Brother Felix Fournier, of Brooklyn, we have started a cooperative credit union here in Cuilco.

The need for a credit union as a means of helping the people socially and economically is most evident.

However, it is too early to evaluate a parish credit union here in regard to its worth as a mission method. We are hopeful that it may bring some to the Church. The people of this region are poor farmers; in return for many hours of hard work they barely make a living from the soil. The local economy is based on cultivation of corn and sugar cane; and when the harvests are poor, the poverty of the people borders on destitution.

Recently, one poor farmer with a big family had to borrow a few dollars to tide him over until the next harvest season. He was forced to borrow the money from the local lenders, at the going interest rate of 120% per year. Examples like this could be multiplied many times over. There are some here who have been in debt for years, borrowing from one lender to pay off another. It is not so difficult to understand why this section of Latin America is ripe for the pseudo-economic panacea offered by communism. By this time next year we hope to have at least some of the victims of moneylenders standing on their own feet once again.

Will the credit union help bring souls into the Church? We hope it will. At best, it is an indirect approach. We have tried a direct approach to the Ladino people of

the parish, but we have had no measure of success — nothing that would indicate willing-

ness to practice the Faith. So we are trying an indirect method, and working on the premise that not all the problems here are religious. Of course, that is a charged statement; from our point of view, all the problems here are religious in nature.

However, if we try to put ourselves in the place of the ordinary man in Cuilco, we realize that he is beset with social and economic difficulties, and alongside these difficulties are his religious problems.

The average individual here is very much a child of his environment — one that is lacking in culture and reverence for values both natural and supernatural. Ordinarily one would think that people living in a small town, in relative isolation, would possess to a notable degree at least the natural virtues of charity and kindness towards his neighbor. However, I do not find this to be true here in Cuilco.

One principle of the credit union is to enable people to help themselves and their neighbors. This will cultivate the virtue of reverence. As Dietrich von Hildebrand states in his book, *Liturgy and Personality*, "... reverence is the mother of all virtues, of all religion." ■ ■

OUR THANKS

**to you is best expressed by our
Masses and prayers for you, your
problems and your intentions.**

May God always bless you!



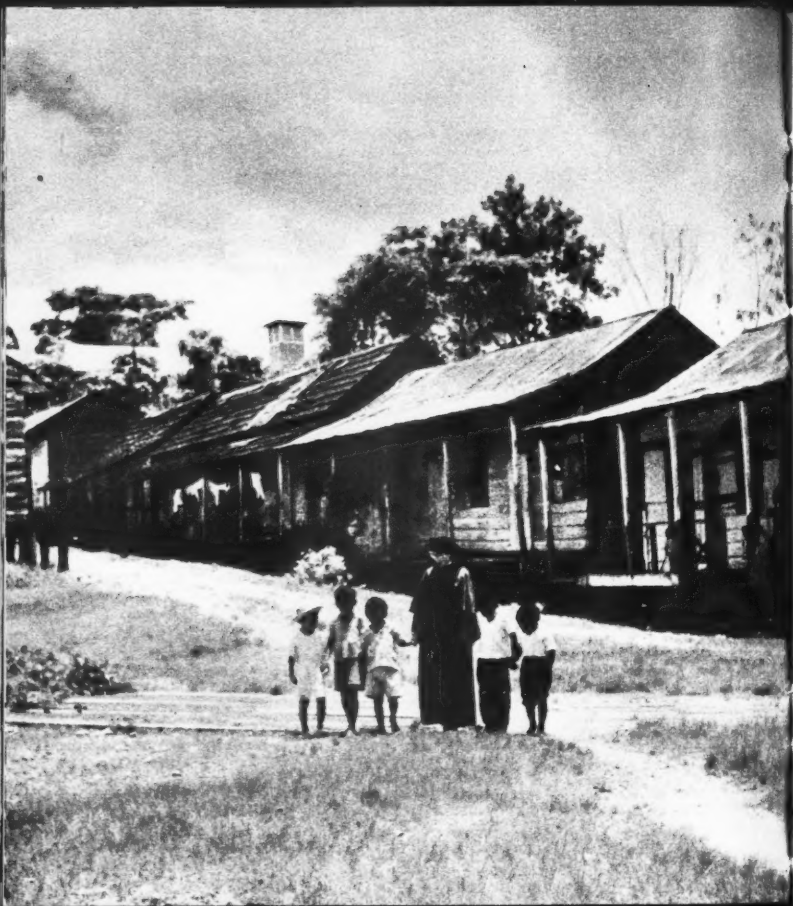
West Coast Mission



■ "MAY I come in?" the smiling face (left) seems to ask. As we opened the door wide, we thought of sharing the pleasure of her visit with you. The eager little people on this page are Japanese-Americans who attend the Maryknoll mission school in Los Angeles. The school is part of a program run by Maryknollers for the benefit of the Japanese-American community that lives in and around Los Angeles. Results from this program are encouraging numbers of vocations and conversions.



James Cardinal McIntyre visited the mission for a vocation-day rally.



LAND WITHOUT ROADS

BY SISTER ROSE ANNA

Grandmother with tears in her eyes thanked them for helping.

■ THE PLANE lowered its nose over the extensive pine forests that support the village of Alamicamba. Our trip was ending. We had come from Siuna, where we teach school during the year, to Alamicamba, site of a lumber mill and home to several hundred Nicaraguans and Miskito Indians. We were to spend three weeks here, teaching the children and taking a parish census.

The plane lowered its glowering hum and taxied smoothly through the deep mud. The motor quieted and stopped near a sea of little faces, each one straining forward to catch a glimpse of the *Madrecitas*. You might think we were really important folk. And so we were to these poor children.

When we announced that class would begin the next morning, why you might have thought we had given each one a big lollypop.

The grownups were lying in wait for us, too. Sister Constance Marie, a nurse, had not gone many steps on the airfield, before her clinic began. An old woman of seventy years was the first patient.

"I'm a little stiff, *Madre*," she said. "I find it difficult to kneel. Something must be wrong. I never used to be like that."

And so we started. The three weeks were packed full. The days began at dawn and ended only when the last visitor was asked to leave at nine at night. A wonderful three weeks, teaching religion to 62 youngsters, preparing nineteen for First Communion and giving instruction in arts and crafts, sewing and choir work. We visited 90 homes and persuaded four couples to

have their marriages rectified. *La Madre Enfermera*, as they called the Sister-nurse, gave some 585 treatments in the clinic, and visited many in their homes, as well.

The rosary was said every night in the little church — but in three languages. A decade in Spanish for the Nicaraguans; then one in English for the American and English lumber mill people; and finally a talk for the Indians.

La Barra is eight hours down the Prinzipolca River, in a *pitpante*, one of the native dugout boats. La Barra is isolated! It has no medical facilities of any kind. Anyone seriously ill must go by boat to Alamicamba and fly from there to a city that has a hospital. Sister treated 52 during our stay.

Three weeks go quickly when you're busy. At last the Great Day arrived for the little Miskito children. The little girls were delighted with the dresses we lent them, and were quite unconcerned about their bare feet. The whole family looked on at the special breakfast afterwards. Many a grandmother cried as she thanked us for bringing the children near to God.

And then, we had to go. The plane was already on the field. Many willing hands brought our outlandish baggage to the airport — the harmonium, the victrola, the medicine kits, the cartons. Several watermelons and two large cabbages were added, gifts from these simple people.

We stood in the nose of the plane during the flight back to Siuna. The fuselage was loaded with cyanide acid for the gold mine there. ■ ■

Letters

OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

Retaliation

When I was with the Air Force in South China during the war, your men were very good to me, particularly Fathers McLoughlin, Wieland, and Dempsey. I have worried that their goodness to me might have been used by the Reds.

ANTHONY L. LONGMORE
Oceanside, N. Y.

■ *All are safe. Father McLoughlin is now pastor in New York City's Chinatown; Father Wieland is on furlough from Formosa; for news of Father Dempsey see p. 12.*

John Valente's Critics

You are disgusting, Mr. Valente, and have no right to be called "father." I'm surprised you wasted three cents to put across your vicious thoughts. I am married eleven years and childless. I would not hesitate to take some unwanted "half-breed" child into my home and give it love and affection. God watch over you! You need it.

MRS. DANIEL GENOVESE
Stamford, Conn.

God has desired that my wife and I have no children of our own, but if the privilege of sharing our home, love, and life with such a "half-breed" became ours, we would consider it one of our greatest blessings. I am not familiar

with the procedures involved in such adoptions, but as of now I'm going to learn more about it, and pray that another "half-breed" may be the means to help us show our love for God by providing for one of His more unfortunate.

EDWARD J. HECKINGER
Waukesha, Wis.

I am also disgusted, disgusted with Mr. John Valente. What is so disgusting about a Japanese baby? Underneath, Mr. Valente, we are all basically the same, created by the same God who made you, Mr. Valente. I suggest that you have a good talk with your parish priest.

JOHN R. RODRIGUEZ
Grand Junction, Colo.

John Valente doesn't deserve to live in the United States. He should have been blown up with Hitler. Imagine taking out his meanness on a poor baby who had nothing to do with the fact his father was American, his mother Japanese! If I knew where he lived I would organize my girl friends and picket his house.

RITA J. QUINN
Philadelphia

What is Catholic

Is there some scholarly liturgist among your men who could examine the liturgy

MARYKNOLL

of the Church to gauge whether there is some overemphasis on the Church's unity and some underemphasis on her Catholicity? If it is true that, to a not inconsiderable extent, the Missal and Breviary prayers (taking them over the year as a whole) could with advantage be modified so as to stress more strongly the *infideles* and the urgency of the duty of the Church's children to evangelize the whole world, then a scholarly investigation by some liturgist might be apostolically fruitful.

For many years I have been disturbed by the apprehension that tomorrow's heresy may be racialism on a subcontinental scale. Race prejudice was the Church's first heresy — condemned by the Council of Jerusalem. The condemnation may have to be reaffirmed by word and deed in our times. The effort at Catholicity — including of all men in the Father's kingdom — needs tremendous stepping up.

A. M. BOWRING, O.P.
Grenada, B.W.I.

Legion of Mary

Apparently, Mr. Keefe and Miss Mackin have not heard of the Legion of Mary, the purpose of which is to bring souls to God by its spiritual works of mercy. Insofar as "hiring parish catechists" to "make" converts, we are called upon by word and deed to bring souls closer to Him. The more forceful person will use his initiative to organize a branch of the Legion.

LAURETTE BARABE
New Bedford, Mass.

First Time

This is the first fan letter I've ever sent you, but I should like to congratulate everyone associated with MARY-

KNOLL — THE FIELD AFAR. My husband is a convert, and the magazine brings out the Catholic attitude on charity and helpfulness much more effectively than anything else. In my estimation, the magazine contains humor, pathos, sound literary pieces, dazzling pictures, and priceless humanity.

MRS. DONA TELZEROW
Columbus, Ohio

Shortening Time

I consider the interview on Africa with Bishop Blomjous of enormous importance. What he states goes not only for Africa, but also for South America. Time is indeed running out on us, and tremendously fast. This interview should reach more people, perhaps by reprinting it.

J. ANDERS
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Guinea Pig

I enjoyed the article "And Then They Went to the Hospital." I wonder if the missionaries know there is a new kind of medicine for amoeba, called Camoform. I have this illness, and I was the guinea pig for this medicine right here in Detroit. So far it is working O.K.

ANGELUS BUSUTTIL
Detroit

Preference

I have particularly enjoyed your articles on race prejudice. This is a topic about which even Catholics require constant reminders of the Church's position. You have presented the case well. I think the interviews are informative and well done. I had contributed to the Bishops' Fund but had no idea of the extent of the work that is being done.

HELEN STEINBINDER
Washington, D. C.



Are You There...

as this poor Indian breathes his last? Are you there to help him and comfort his widow, giving them the benefits of the Faith?

Yes, you ARE there to share the spiritual gifts of such work, if you helped to train this Sister-catechist for her work.

You who help us are truly beside us!

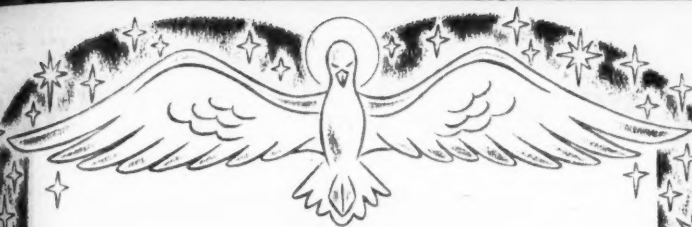
THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... to help support a Sister-in-training.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month. I understand I can stop this at any time.



Dust and Glory

BY J. GERARD GREENE, M.M.

■ ANTIQUITY hangs heavy over the hemp plantation of Petac, Yucatan. The colonial buildings, the wells, the chapel are battered by time and past their day. But hidden in them is human history.

The personal touch came abruptly when I entered the tiny chapel. Facing me was a marble slab dated 1847. With poetic Spanish style it relates: "At the age of fifty-nine the reaper came and thus these earthly bones are committed to the process of becoming dust. The soul, however, has flown to glory."

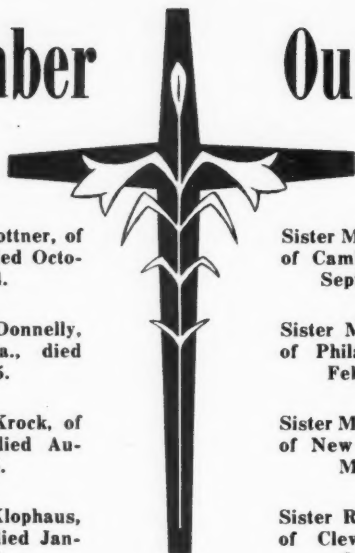
In the palling afternoon quiet, made hot by the Yucatan weather and monotonous by the hemp-plant countryside, the inscription sent a shudder through my being. The century and more since the demise, even the fifty-nine years of existence, recalled the Biblical thousand years being a day. And yet the Christian hope was there also.

Who of us would not settle for that combination — dust and glory? ■ ■



Remember

Our Dead



Father James J. Rottner, of Cincinnati, Ohio, died October 18, 1954.

Father Francis T. Donnelly, of Lansdowne, Pa., died June 3, 1955.

Father George L. Krock, of Cleveland, Ohio, died August 4, 1955.

Brother Boniface Klophaus, New York, N. Y., died January 9, 1955.

Father Arthur F. Allie, of Two Rivers, Wis., died August 22, 1955.

Sister Mary Eleanor (Hogan) of Cambridge, Mass., died September 10, 1954.

Sister Mary Majella (Beck) of Philadelphia, Pa., died February 28, 1955.

Sister Mary Michael (Conley) of New York, N. Y., died March 15, 1955.

Sister Rose Miriam (Daggs) of Cleveland, Ohio, died June 3, 1955.

Sister Francis Leo (Dixon) of Chicago, Illinois, died June 16, 1955.

■ DOWN through the years since Maryknoll's beginning in 1911, one hundred and twenty-seven members of our society have finished their course on this earth. Their souls come to our minds during this month when Holy Mother Church gears her liturgy to prayerful remembrance of the suffering souls in purgatory. Please keep our dead in your prayers.

Maryknollers join you in praying for your dear departed ones in a particular way during November. Nor do we neglect these friends of ours who have gone before during

the rest of the year. Each Friday every one of Maryknoll's six hundred and forty priests offers the Holy Sacrifice for our benefactors living and dead. One hundred and fifty-four Brothers and almost seven hundred students remember them in the Masses they attend and the Communion they receive. One thousand one hundred and twenty-six Sisters also offer their Fridays for benefactors.

There is not one among them, sung or unsung, as we believe and hope, who has not added helpful strength to Maryknoll. ■ ■

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Father GEORGE KROCK, a native of Cleveland, perished in the flaming wreckage of a commercial airliner which crashed in Missouri. Returning on leave from his post in Guatemala, Father met a non-Catholic gentleman, interested in the Church. After visiting his family, Father went to see this man to explain more about the Church. He died while on this work of mercy.

* * *

Father ARTHUR ALLIE, of Two Rivers, Wisc., who pioneered our mission work in Guatemala, and later became superior in Chile, died after a long illness. Cardinal CARO, of Santiago, Chile, presided at a Requiem Mass for him. Father was a fine musician, once was Supervisor of Music in the public schools of Brooklyn.

* * *

An article on sickness in Africa by Father EDWARD M. BASKERVILLE, M.M., M.D., appears in the current issue of The Linsere Quarterly, official journal of the Federation of Catholic Physicians' Guild . . . The first edition of Father BERNARD MEYER's new cartoon catechism (in English and Spanish) entirely sold out even before publication.

* * *

En route to Japan is Father WILLIAM PHEUR, of North Walpole, N.H., to take over as Group Superior there. Replacing him as Local Superior at Maryknoll is Father DAVID I. WALSH, of New Bedford, Mass. . . . 211 new students accepted for Maryknoll seminaries this fall.

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Maryknoll's Father JOHN C. BRADY, a captain in the Army Chaplain Corps, and native of San Francisco, was awarded a Certificate of Achievement for his outstanding performance of duty in Puerto Rico . . . Between Maryknoll in Puno, Peru, and the Bolivian border live 800,000 Aymara Indians. Father THOMAS F. GARRITY reports that among them is neither doctor nor hospital nor medical assistance of any kind, excepting an occasional mass vaccination.

MANY THANKS WANT ADS



Our Teachers Are Happy but we'd like to make them comfortable. We can build the two houses they need in Maswa, Africa, for just \$1,000 each!

St. Joseph Was a Carpenter. If he were in Bolivia today, we'd have many chapel furnishings for him to make. Here are some, with the amounts we must pay another carpenter to make them: Altar rail, \$50; 30 pews at \$15 each; 2 side altars, \$50 each; a confessional, \$50; some church windows, \$14; and church door, \$50. Select as you wish.

You Can't Beat Eating in your own home. Our priests in Taichung, Formosa, would like a dining room and kitchen of their own; \$200 would satisfy them.

Seeing Helps Believing. Catechetical charts help children to understand their Faith. Six sets of charts are needed in Chile, costing \$10 a set.

We've Geared Our Thinking to cost cutting, but we find in Riberalta, Bolivia, that we need a minimum of \$100 for a parish library; \$200 for a loudspeaker system; \$200 for a Catholic Action newspaper; if our propaganda is to be effective!

A Shivering Celebrant can soon be no celebrant at all! The cold in our mission church in the Peruvian Andes — altitude 13,000 ft. — penetrates even the heaviest shoes. Won't someone please give us a rug for the altar steps? Cost, \$25.

Our Mission in Guatemala is fast outstripping the pastor's means of locomotion and keeping in touch with his people as he should is no longer possible. One jeep would bring them together again — but it costs \$500.

When the Well Runs Dry, it's too late. Why not help us obtain a water tank for Musoma, Africa, now? Cost, \$80.

"I Have No Source of Water and must buy all that I need for drinking and washing. To have water carried 116 steps to the top of my hill, is very expensive. A pump and pipe line would soon pay for itself in savings alone," writes a Maryknoller in the Philippines. The cost for an adequate water supply is \$350.

Candlesticks needed for the main altar; set of eight, \$40; set of candelabra for Benediction, \$25. These items are requested by missionaries in Bolivia.

The Hope of the Church on Formosa is the youth. Young people at present furnish missionaries with the most fertile ground for conversions. The sum of one thousand dollars will maintain this vital youth contact work in Taipei, Formosa.

Bareback Riding may have its good points, but over the rugged trails in Middle America, a pack-laden rider needs a saddle; \$40 would help us make a lot of trips to a lot of people who look to Maryknoll for help.



THIS ROOM HAS BEEN
DONATED BY

ELLEN McLAUGHLIN

IN MEMORY OF

PATRICK McLAUGHLIN

The Picture of a Plaque

on the door of a seminarian's room memorializes a loved one and reminds the student who is preparing to be a Maryknoll priest to pray daily for the repose of the soul commemorated.

You, too, can place a plaque on the door of a room in the Maryknoll Seminary to honor one you love.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$..... toward the \$1,500 needed for a memorial room in the Maryknoll Seminary.

My Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

People are Interesting!

Savage to Scholar
in One Generation



1. A Peruvian scientist went into the Amazon jungle to study the most primitive tribe he could discover.



2. While with the savages, a small girl was left an orphan. Rather than see her abandoned, adopted her.



3. He took the indian girl back to Lima and raised her as his daughter. She did not know her origin.



4. The girl proved intelligent; she soon spoke excellent Spanish and led her class in her convent school.



5. Today she is a qualified laboratory technician — one of the few Latin-American women so skilled.



6. "It proves that all races have the capabilities for success," says the scientist. "Even primitives."

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

School
periodic

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